A Short

ANSWER

TO A

WHOLE LITTER

OF

LIBELLERS.

By *ROGER L'ESTRANGE.*

LONDON,

Printed by *J. B.* for *Hen. Brome* at the *Gun* at the West-End of S. *Pauls*, 1680.

10/1 15

campbell

A Short Answer, &c.

FOr a matter of Two Months last past, I have been pelted with Libells, at the rate of two or three Libells a Week, one with another: But Who, What, or Where the Libellers are, is only known to their Own Good Lord, the Father of Lyes and Calumnies, that sets them a work. For they ly lurking in the Dark, like Poysonous Serpents, stinging what falls within their Reach, and blowing about their Venom, but there is no finding of their Holes. So that where there appears no Adversary, (unlesse a man will contend with a Phantome) there is no Place for a Competent Reply: Neither, in Truth, is there any great Need of it, where the Infamy of the Practice does sufficiently discredit the Lewdness of the Pretence. Beside that He has a very mean Opinion of himself, that consults the Vomit of a Libell, for the Stay of his own Value and Repose. For what is a Libeller; but only a baser sort of Bravo, that does more mischief, with Lesse Hazzard; and is consequently the more Unmanly Prostitute of the Two?

No sooner is there a Pique taken up against the Government, or against Any man that according to his Duty, Endeavours to support it; but presently That Malevolence yields matter for a Libell, and is popp'd into the world by stealth, (as an Authority to the Rabble) by some Little Mercenary Scribler that spunges for his very Bread, and commonly consens the Printer too, into the Bargain. I knew a Quack once, that being resolved to Cure all Diseases went to Riverius's Index to supply and fill up his Bill. This Case holds a Good way with a Libeller; he charges as many Defamations into his Paper as he can well crowd in: (for there's nothing so Rank, but some Fools or other will believe it.) Only he has this advantage of the Quack, that he needs not go out of himself for Villany, to fill up his Roll. How far the Government will finde it Convenient to suffer these Scandalls to Christianity, Publique Order, Good Manners; (Nay to the Peace, and Common Duties of Human Society) to passe unpunish't, I shall submit to my Superiors: And after this brief Reflexion upon Libells in Generall, proceed to what concerns my self in Particular.

THE very *Catalogue* of the Pamphlets that have been written against me would take up more Room then at This time I can well afford them: So that I shall only run over the *Heads* of them (so far as to my Purpose,) without Referring to *This*, or *That Paper*, where I do not know the *Authour*; and fairly distinguish the *Defamation* from the *Argument*. For the Opposing of *Reason* to *Reason*, or of *One Colour* to *Another*, is a Course agreeable to the *Rules*, and *Methods* of all *Candid disputes*: But when I find *Unnaturall Violences* put upon my *Words*, or *Periods*, *fraudulent Additions*, or *Suppressions*, to make me speak *more*, or *lesse* then I *intended*, and to *pervert* my *Meaning*: Together with *Insolence* of *Language*; *Opprobrious* and *Virulent Aggravations*; *Malicious Reports*; (and no better then direct *Forgery* in the matter of *Fact*;) and all *This*, *Printed* and *Published*, without either the *Booksellers*, or the *Authours Name*; Under these Circumstances, I shall be bold to pronounce any Pamphlet that Touches me, to be a *Libell*.

The Common Clamour which This *Infernall Band* of *Libellers* (for they are not to be heard of *above-Ground*) Advances against Me, is, the *Vilifying* of the *Kings Evidence*, the turning of the *Plot* into *Ridicule*; and being *Popishly Affected*: And *This*, for want of Proofs against me, out of my *Conversation*, and *Actions*, they take great pains to *prove* from my *Writings*: But with so barbarous a Torture of the very *Syntax*, and *Sentences*; and so Illogical a Train of *Inconsequent Deductions*; that they might as well have taken the *Elevation* of my *Religion*, and Opinions, from the *Length* of my *Nose*. Within This compasse they contented themselves, till they found their Design would never work That way: And Then they had Recourse to *History*, and *Invention*; and brought matters at length to This Issue, that because *Pool* the *Jesuit* is a great Master of the *Viol*, and *Harmony* stands in *Opposition* to *Discord*; Therefore under the very Quality of a *Fidler*, *L'Estrange* is made a *Ridiculer* of the *Plot*. Nay they will have an *Old Fellows Marrying of a young Lasse*, to be a *Vilifying* of the *Kings Witnesses*; for That's one point of my Charge too; and under the Rose that *I ran away with her*, which is yet worse; And That, *without a Portion too*, which is worst of all. This is very True; and I do not at all repent me of my Bargain, and had very good reason for so doing; tho' not so proper to be told, out of a respect to some Other persons. There's *one* of *these Whifflers* that would insinuate to the World that I'me afraid of my *Flesh*; but as he belies the Circumstance, so he is not Positive upon the Main.

The

The truth of it is, I was knockt down at my door, One Morning, Undreſt; and not being at all aware of the Perſon that did it, as my Enemy: It is as true again that the Gentleman after this exploit, went his way; and that I preſently dreſt my ſelf, and ſent a Friend to him to Demand Satisfaction: And it is likewiſe as True, that I never received any Affront in my Life, without calling the Perſon that offer'd it to an Account. I do not ſpeak as if it were a *Great thing*, not to be a *Raſcall*, but to give This *Individuum Vagum* the *Lye*; and to tell him moreover, that even I my ſelf, had the Courage to chooſe rather to be *Hang'd*, then to *take* the *Covenant*: Which does not (I muſt confeſs) come up to the Courage of *Thoſe Heroes* that will rather be *Damn'd*, then *Renounce* it.

They often caſt it in my Teeth, that I was a *Newgate-Bird*; but I have this Comfort, however, to my Calamity, that I ſuffer'd for my *Prince*, and my *Conſcience*, and that my *Father* did not paſs the hand of the *Common-Hangman* at the *Gallows*, for *Treaſon*.

There is one of them ſays, that the *Print* call'd the *Committee*, or *Popery in Maſquerade*, *is not ſo much a* Dumb Narrative of *What's* paſt, *as a Scheme of what I would intimate*, *is*, *at preſent*, *Deſigned*: which he inferrs, *becauſe the* Muggletonians, Quakers, *and eſpecially* James Nayler *were not ſo much as heard of*, *when* John Presbyter *was* Chairman. Now in Common Juſtice he ſhould rather *Allow* it to be the Hiſtory of the Late Times, for *Pennington's* Sake, then *Deny* it, for *Muggleton's*: And though their *Names* poſſibly were not in Thoſe days, yet their *Principles* were. And the intent of ſhewing *That Rabble of Sects in Conſult*, *with* John Presbyter, *their* Chairman, was, Firſt, to Suggeſt the *Schiſms* that flow from *Presbytery*; Secondly, to repreſent the *Impoſſibility* of *Uniting* theſe *Schiſms*, and Thirdly, the *Danger* of *Permitting* them: Which is all expounded in the four laſt Verſes of the Explanation, *Viz.*

Presbytry breeds *Worms*: This *Magot-Fry*
Is but the *Spawn* of *Lawleſs Liberty*.
Licenſe is like a *Sea-breach* to your *Grounds*:
Suffer but *One Flaw*, the *whole Country* Drowns.

Now to ſhew it manifeſtly to be a Piece *Hiſtorical*, and only recommended by way of *Caution*, read the *Five firſt Verſes*, and the *two Laſt*, of the *Firſt Stanza*.

Behold

Behold Here, in This Piece, the *Plague*, the *Fate*
Of a *Seditious Schism* in *Church*, and *State*:
Its *Rise*, and *Progresse*; with the Dire *Event*
Of a *Blinde Zeal*, and a *Packt Parliament*.
It *WAS This Medly* that confounded All, *&c.*

Think on't, my Masters: and if ere you see
This Game play'd o're again, then Think of *M E.*

There's Another Observation upon *Swash*, and the *Elders Mayd*, the *Colchester Quaker* and the *Mare*, Petitioning against *Bishops*, *Service-Book*, *Popish Lords*, and *Evill Counsellors* &c. *Now these kind of* Bestialityes *were never charg'd*, (says he) *which the Well-Natur'd Author would intimate, ought to be, upon the* Decryed Party. I pray'e take notice Here, of the Faith and Honesty of This man; and in the *eight Lines* that referr to those *four Figures* under the *Letter* E, you will finde the Authour So far from *Charging* those *Bestialityes* upon the *Decryed Party*, that he does expressly acquit them. *Viz.*

Take a View, next, of the *Petitioners*.
But why, (you'l Say) like *Beasts* to th' *Ark*, in *Pairs*?
Not to expose the *Quaker*, and the *Mayd*,
(By Lust to those Brutalityes betray'd.)
As if *Those Two Sects* more Addicted Stood
To *Mares* and *Whelps*, then *Other flesh and Blood*:
No; But they're Coupl'd, Here, only to tell
The *Harmony* of their *Reforming Zeal*.

The Scope (you see) of This passage was only to intimate that they understood the matters in hand all alike.

He is Scandaliz'd too at the *Colchester Bridegrooms Petitioning against Popish Lords*; *when there is now an Act of State to take away all* Legislative power *from them*, *As if That Solemn Act which has been graciously granted at the Petition of the* Three Estates, *was to be run into* Ridicule, *by every* Buffoon *at Pleasure*. *But I Suppose* (says he) *he Stands Candidate to Succeed his Friend* B. H. in his late *Eminency*. This *Magisterial Fop*, because he sits *Dictator* perhaps at some *Coffee-house*, or *Rhenish-wine Club*, Sets up for a Privileg'd *Fool*, with as much *Confidence*, as if Old *Archees Patent* had been *to Himself, and his Heirs forever*. Now where's the *Buffoonery* of our *Quakers Petitioning*?

tioning? When the *wildest* of *Schismatiques*, and the *meanest* of *Mechaniques*, throng'd the *Lobbyes* of *Both Houses* of *Parliament*, with the *Same Outcry* in their *Mouths* of NO POPISH LORDS NO POPISH LORDS, which came in Convenient time, to be NO BISHOPS too; *No House of Lords at all No House of Commons*: And in the *Conclusion*, *No King*. This is not only a *Willfull*, and a *Silly Mistake*, past upon the Authour of That Designe, but a most *Audacious Indignity* upon the *Government*: Asif, by exposing the *Outrages* of a *Tumult* to *Contempt* for casting out the *Popish Lords*, *Without*, and *Against Authority*, a man must be concluded to make sport with the same thing done according to the *Regular steps* and *Motions* of *Law* and *Government*. His conceipt of the Authours standing Candidate to succeed his Friend *B.H.* in his late *Eminency*, is *Grave*, and also Incomprehensible, unless (by a singular Faculty of *Allusion* upon the Double meaning of the word *Eminency*) he would erect the *Libeller* into a *Cardinal*. He comes now to be allmost as Squeamish as the *Great-ear'd Knave* (that he takes notice of) *Spewing of Canons* and *Common-Prayer*. He calls the Inscription of a Verse out of *Jeremiah* upon the *Table* of the *Solemn League* and *Covenant*, *a Scurrilous way of Citing a Piece of Holy Writ*; Whereas there is nothing *said* upon it, nor any other Use made of it, but only to notify the *Text* whereupon the *Conspiratours founded* their *Projects*, and *authorised* the *Rebellion*. The words are These. *Come and let us joyn Our selves unto the Lord, in a perpetuall* Covenant, *that shall not be forgotten*, Jer. 50. 5.

There are *Two Verses* that the Libeller does the Authour the honour to *remarque upon*; *as now very well* Timed *and* Tinctur'd *with* Jesuites Loyalty. *He makes* (says he) *a Company of Fellows say Thus.*

Our Designe's *This*; to Change the *Government*,
Set up our *Selves*, and do't by a *Parliament*.

Thus far he delivers my very Thoughts; for it is the *Close Caball* of *Forty* and *Forty One* that speaks the Words; in *Confirmation* of Dr. *Oats's Testimony*, that the *Jesuites Influence* and *Leade* the *Councils* of the *Schismatiques*: But see how he turns it now. *A very excellent Argument* (says he) *for the sitting of that Court*; *but suitable enough, I suppose, for the Authours Designe.* Where was the *Moon* I wonder when the Gentleman wrote *This?* To draw an *Argument*, *For*, or *Against* the *Parliaments sitting* in 1680. from the *Roguery* of a *Club* of *Conspirators*, that were laying their Heads together for the packing of a *Parliament* in 1641.

But

But his *Good Nature*, I perceive, is now coming upon him, and I take it for a ſingular favour, that *He*, being a Perſon (as you may perceive) of moſt *notable Government* and *Circumſpection*, ſhould vouchſafe now to give the world ſo fair a Teſtimony of my *Good Breeding*: *And to ſay Truth* (ſays he) *the Gentleman had, in his youthfull days, as many Remedies againſt hanging himſelf for Love, as* Leukeners-Lane, *the* Old Cherry-garden, *or* Madam Bear *her* Damoſels (*a Lady as famous in her Generation for Thoſe Intrigues, as either* Mother Gifford *or* Betty Beuly, *of Late and Happy Memory*) *could afford.* I have not (really) read of a more *Hiſtorical Whoremaſter*: And then the *Preſcription* ſtrikes ſo directly at the *Diſtemper*, that nothing but a *Codpiece-Doctor* could ever have hit upon't. But in good Faith, Mr. *Libeller* I never had any thing to do either with theſe Women or any of your Relations there, that I know of: And yet let me tell you (for you know I wedded Late) I could have given a ſhrewd Gueſſe before I was marry'd, at the difference betwixt a *Woman*, and a *Weather-cock*. He falls now upon his *Decorums*; and talks ſo like a *Poetaſter*, that there's no enduring of it. Only there's one thing I would beg of him. He Phanſies that *if any man ſhould but ſo much as write againſt ſitting up whole Nights, at* Cards, *I would call it a* Libell; Now the Truth of it is; I have given over *Cards* above this Twelve-month: And my Requeſt ſhould be This, that he would do me the favour not to put forth his Parts againſt *Card-play*; for his *Reaſonings* lie ſo curſedly *Kim Kam*, that I'm afraid if he ſhould ſet pen to paper *againſt Playing*, I ſhould go near to take it *up* again.

This ſame *LIBELLER* is a boyſterous, unruly word, and will not couch ſo well in a Period; and therefore hereafter for want of a better name we ſhall now and then call him *Dogrill*. He ſays that Citt *and* Bumpkin *is a very* Scoffing Scurrilous Pamphlet, *without either* Truth, *or* Good Manners; *for it beſpatters many of the* Nobility, *the moſt Eminent* Gentry, *and* Citizens, *with the baſeſt, and meaneſt Practices of* Forgery, *imaginable; and that the* Authour *of it is within the Equity of the* Pillory, referring the Reader to *Pag.* 3. But in that whole Page I cannot finde ſo much as One of thoſe Diſmal Syllables: Only a Couple of *Officious Buſy Knaves*, diſcourſing the Roguy Contrivances that were made uſe of for the gaining of *Subſcriptions* to a *Petition*. And it is certainly *True*, that *Maſters* did ſet hands for their *Children*, and *Servants*; *Women* for their *Husbands*, at a great Diſtance, and without *Commiſſion*, *Pedagogues* for their *School-boys*, *Diſſenting Miniſters* for their *Congregations*, and Generally, the Heads of

of the *Non-Conformists* stickled might and main for the carrying of it on. It is True also, that a World of *Names* were *Subscribed*, and the *Persons* not to be found; and that upon *several Rolls* there were *Thirty Names* sometimes together all of the same hand. And it is likewise *True*, that the *Faction* had their *Clubs*, and *Committees* both in *Town* and *Country*, to promote This Affair.

Doggrill will not allow that *This was to amuse the Nation with Numbers, as if they meant to do something further:* Notwithstanding that the *Refusers* were *menaced* in many places, and people forc'd in, by *Importunity*, *Aw*, and *Terrour*. Insomuch that in *Speeches*, and *Pamphlets*, those men were exposed to have a *Mark* set upon them as *Disaffected* to the *Publique*, that would not *Subscribe* the *Petition*.

In the *next Page*, *Doggrill* Pronounces the *Author* to be either a *Sot*, or a *Knave*, in *plain English*: Never considering that the *rude* and *Censorious Coxcom* himself shews himself every step he sets, to be *Both*; And a little after, *whatever he is in his* Religion, *he's sure* (he says) *that he's a* Papist, *in* Faction. And again a little lower; *what* Jesuit (says he) *could lessen the Drs.* Testimony, *or* Narrative *of the* Plot, *more then He has done, by saying*; *I believe the* Plot, *and as much of it, as every good Subject ought to believe*; *Nay, I do so absolutely believe it, that in my Conscience, you your self* Dr. *do not believe more of it then I do.* How can he pretend to call That a *Lessening* of the Drs. *Credit*, to say that a man believes as much of it as the Dr. himself does, unless *Doggril* will have it that the Dr. does not believe it at all? And then he abuses *L'Estrange* most abominably, two lines after, in saying that *he compares the* whole thing *to the raining of* Butter'd Turnips; whereas This is not said of the *whole thing*, but of *some Cases*, which are not as yet given in *Evidence*, and remain *doubtfull*. This Comment might have been spared, after so much said upon it in a *Former Reply*.

Doggrill goes on, *P.* 4. still like himself. *L'Estrange* (he says) *was as mutinous in Print as any body, before he came to the Preferment of his* Half Crown Books, *and* Ballads; *because he could get nothing. The* Government, *Then, lay under a* Male-administration; the rest is, (to meet him in his own way) *Infandum renovare dolorem*; and so wee'l say nothing on't. But to the *Books* and *Ballads*; Is it not more Honourable to get a little Mony by *Stifling*, and *preventing Sedition*, then by *Composing*, and *vending* it. And then for the *Mutiny* he speaks of, it was my *Caveat to the Cavaliers* in 1661. and whoever reads that Pamphlet, will find I was not so much a *Libeller*, as a *Prophet*.

Doggrell was e'en now upon his *Equity*; and then one would have suspected him for a *Chancery-man*: But now he sets up *Physitian* again; and very Courteously advises the Authour of *Citt* and *Bumpkin*, to make a step from *Newgate*, to *Bedlam*. The man's a Civill man; and I am confident, has a minde I should give him a visit there: For surely nothing but a man in *Bedlam* would behave himself at his Inperious rate. *Do you not think it a very flagitious thing* (says he) *for a little unknown fellow to comprehend all the* States, Orders, *and* Divisions *of men*; *Both* Lords, Citizens, *and* Commons *of* England, *under the Opprobrious names of* Citt *and* Bumpkin? Now do but observe what a Couple of *Rascalls*, this *Citt* and *Bumpkin* are in the very *Dialogue*, represented to be. *Pag.* 26. *You* (says *Trueman*) *are the* Representative (*forsooth*) *of the* City; *and* You *of the* Country; *Two of the* Pillars *of the* Nation, *with a Horse-pox. A man would not let down his Breeches in a House of Office, that had but* Two such Supporters. *Do not I know* You, *Citt, to be a* little Grubstreet Infect *that but t'other day, Scribled* Handy-dandy *for some* Eighteen pence *a* Job, Pro *and* Con, *and glad on't too? And now* (*as it pleases the stars*) *you are advanced from the* Obort, *the* Miscarriage, *I mean, of a* Cause-splitter, *to a* Drawer up *of* Articles; *and from your skill in* Counterfeiting Hands, *preferred to be a* Sollicitor *for Fobb'd Petitions*.

The Intent of This Reprehension is only to shew what *pittyfull Knaves* there are, that in the name of the *Nation*, impose upon the *People*; and to *distinguish* by *these Opprobrious Names*, *Rascalls*, from men of *Honesty*, and *Honour*. Toward the Bottom of *Page* 7. *Doggrill* denies *that the King was twitt'd with his* Coronation Oath; *the calling for* Delinquents *to be brought to* punishment; *and that the* Parliament *might sit as long as they pleas'd*; Tho' scarce a Porter but knows that it was the *daily Clamour* of the Press, and the *Clubbs* are known too that supply'd Those Pamphlets. *Possibly* (says he) *there might be something of Trying the* Lords in the Tower, *which might give the* Protestantish Authour *occasion of that flourish, as if* Their *Case were Parallel* to those worthy Lords and Gentlemen, *Then called* Delinquents; *then which nothing can be more vilely insinuated*, To this, it is *answer'd*, that the *Question* is not Here, of the *Parliament*, but of the *Petitioners*, who did more then *insinuate* the Particulars by *Him deny'd*; and it is no less True (in despite of the most Impudent Contradiction) that severall of the *Models* of *Petitions* exposed in *Print*, insisted upon the *Parliaments sitting as long as they pleased*.

He proceeds now, to *another detracting passage*, (as he calls it) to wit; *that it would be never the worse, if the men of* Estates *were out of favour*

sour at Court; *for an* honeſt Revenge (*you know*) *goes a great way with a* Tender Conſcience, *Pa.* 7. This is ſpoken now *by* a *Raſcall*, and *as* a *Raſcall*, with a very good *Decorum*; and the *Drift* of it is to ſhew that *Revenge* goes a great way even with thoſe that are the higheſt *Pretenders* to *Conſcience*.

By his *Tenth Page* a man would ſwear him not only to be in *Bedlam* ſtill, but in his *Fit* too; for he's at his *Raſcally Politiques*, *Raſcally Pick-Thanks*; and runs ſo damnable upon the *Pox*, and the *Raſcall*, and then *Sycophantly Knave*, in the *next* Page, that there's no coming near him. And yet upon the *Top* of the ſame Page, he takes a little Breath; and patiently Hears an Account of *five* Petitions *more* that were upon the *Anvill*. *One* againſt *the Lords in the Tower*, *Another*, for the *Setting* of the *Parliament*, till they had gone through with what they had to do; a *Third* for taking away *Biſhops Votes*; a *Fourth*, for the *Remove* of *Evill Councellours*; a *Fifth*, for putting the *Militia* into *Safe Hands*. And then his fit of Raving takes him again. *The Ranging* (ſays he) *of theſe* Petitions, *Together*, *looks as if to* Petition *for the Tryall of the Lords*, *were equally Criminal with the reſt*. Bleſs me! what Jugling *is this*? *Firſt*, here is *no Coarge*, or *Intimation* of a *Crime*, upon *any* of theſe Petitions, *Secondly*, his *Ranging* of them *Together*, is a kinde of a *Doggriliſm*; for they are *Ranged one after another*. But ſuppoſe the matter as he intends it. Muſt the *Ranging* of them in *Order*, be underſtood as if it imply'd them to be *all* of a *Quality*? This is a Reach very extraordinary, that the *ſequence* of *one*, *two*, *three*, *four* and *five*, ſhould operate upon the *Condition* or *Morality* of *Things* or *Actions* that are *Ranged* under the *Order* of *Theſe Numbers*. Here follows, now, one of the *Bloudieſt Conſequences* of *all*. *Thoſe Heads* (ſays *Cit*. P. 10.) *will finde hands*, *if there be occaſion*. And *This* (ſays he) *is to tell us what* dangerous Rogues *the* Citizens *are*; *and to aſperſe*, *by* Intimation, *the City of* London, *with Contrivances againſt the* Government. We muſt minde this *man of Decorum*, once again, of the *Perſon* that *ſpeaks* it, and the *Occaſion* whereupon it is *ſpoken*. *Citt* and *Bumkin* are laying their heads together to make a *Party* of *Mutineers* againſt the *Magiſtrates* and the *Body* of the *City*, and *Dogril* will needs engage the *Citizens* of *London* (contrary to all ſenſe and Reaſon) to be reflected upon here as the *Mutineers*. I cannot but wonder how This good man comes now to be ſuch a *Zealot* all on a ſudden for the honour of the City: And yet when this very City of *London* (the *Body*, I mean, and the *Governours* of it) was affronted by that Seditious Libell called, *An Appeal from the Country to the City*, he had not ſo much

as a word to cast at a Dog upon the Subject. But he is *even* with me for *my passing by the* Rebellion *In Ireland*, Pag. 14. which is just such another Case, as if he should Quarrel a man that is intent upon the Theme of *Conventicles*, for not writing *the History of Japan*.

In his 15*th* Page he is Fumbling at the *Kings* being one of the *Three Estates*; but it is either too *hot*, or too *heavy*, and so he lets it fall again. And in the same Page, he is very Angry with *Cit*, for calling the *Protestant Religion* the *Religion* of the *Dissenters from the Church*. And why should not *Cit* that *Personates* a *Fanatique*, *Talk like* a *Fanatique*? and we know very well, that so soon as ever the *Schismatiques* got the Power, they called the *English Clergy*, *Popelins*, and *themselves* the only *Protestants*.

And then he goes on, (says he) *as if the* Plot *was only a* Blind, *to enrage People*; *and that there was a reall* Design *to destroy the* Hierarchy; *and all the Sons of the Church*, *by the name of* Papists *in* Masquerade, *and get all the places of* Profit *to* themselves. All This (I say) has in the Memory of man, been *contrived*, set a *foot*, and *accomplish't*: And we are at this day told to our faces the precise number of our *Protestant Bishops*; (which runs very Low) and that there are not above *four Protestant Clergymen*, of the Church of *England*, in *London*. But I shall refer Him that has a minde to be better resolved in This point, to the *Schismatiques* Behaviour toward the *Clergy* in *Essex*, upon the *last Election* of *Knights of the Shire* there.

He follows his Kindness to That Party, pag. 18. in saying that *they asserted the Kings Cause in the Lowest* Ebb, *and that they were the* Second Cause *of his Majestyes* Restitution. Now I'le go farther with him: They were the very *Prime Cause* it *self*; For if the *King* had not been *Driven out*, he could not have been *Restored*. Methinks he might have afforded the *Poor Cavalieres* a good word or two upon This Occasion. But he has forgotten the *Indefatigable Endeavours* of *That Party*; and their *prodigious Constancy* thorough all *hazzards*, and *Extremities*; which still kept the Rebells waking, and in such Apprehensions; that they could never bring matters to a Steady and Secure *Settlement*, thorough the whole Course of their *Usurpations*, He has forgotten how they were *hang'd* and *cut to pieces* like *Doggs*, *Smother'd* in *Jayles*, *Plunder'd*, *Transported* &c. and for *what*; and *who* they were that did the *Execution*; And *All This*, forsooth, the *Mealy-mouth Libeller* covers under the Gentle Term of a DEVIATION. The Brute can open his Mouth, and out-rail *Billingsgate*, at a man that does his *Duty* to *This King*; but the *murther* of the *Last*, and the *Total Dissolution* of the *Government* comes off in a Soft way, only for a

DEVI-

DEVIATION. He has forgotten the *Two Votes* that his worthy Friends pass'd, as previous to the calling of That Parliament which Actually finished the work of his Majestyes *Restauration*: The *Former, that no man should have any Office in the* Militia, *without Declaring that the War Undertaken by Both* Houses *of Parliament in their DEFENCE against the Forces raised in the Name of the Late King, was Just, and Lawfull.* The *Second*, was for the *Exclusion* of all that had ever Serv'd his *Majesty*; and their *Sons, from* Serving *as Members of the next Parliament.*

In dissecting the *Former Vote*, we shall effectually Dissect the *Libeller*, and judge of his *Affections* by the *Party* he *Stickles* for. There is *First* a *Sentence* past upon the *King*, as the *Aggressor*, when the world Knows how he was *forc'd* and *Hunted* from his *Royall Palace* by *Affronts*, and *Tumults*. *Secondly*, In *justifying* the *War* of the *Two Houses* (though a *Notorious Rebellion*:) for the *First Complement* they put upon the *Son*, was to Declare his *Royall Father* a *Traytor*. *Thirdly*, If *That War* was *Just*, and *Lawfull* (as They Suggested) the *Late King*, was *Lawfully put to Death*: Which was very fairly to tell his Majesty, what, in the like Case, he was to trust to Himself. This was one of the *Last Visible Acts*, that carry'd any Countenance of *Authority*, which *Doggrills* Friends appeared in, toward the *restoring* of the *King*, which plainly be-spake Their *Implacable Malice* to the *Government*; where they had but the least *hope* of a *Power* to *exercise* it. *As* for Those that *Frankly*, and *generously* Struggled to *Restore* his Majesty, without any *By-regards* to the setting up of *Themselves*; *I* shall agree, in Attributing to them all the Honour they deserve.

Let any man judge now with what *Front*, (as Mr. *Formality* has it) this Libeller can Talk of an *Act of Oblivion*, when he himself puts a man upon the *Necessity* of either *Recriminating* upon his *Fellow-Rascalls*, (to pay him in his own *Coin.*) or otherwise, *tacitly* to *reproach* so many Honourable Instances of *Loyalty* and *Resolution*; and to bury their *Names* and *Services*, in Common *Dust* and *Rubbish*.

Doggerill has another fling at me, P. 19. for *Licensing Humane Reason*. I cannot deny but that the *Copy* coming to my hand at past *Midnight*; and being engaged out of Town at four a Clock that day, by the *morning-Tide*, and finding that it had been Overlookt by an *Authority* which I thought sufficient to support it, I put a *Licence* to it, *Unread*; which I should not have done upon a *Perusall*. But I do not remember that there fell any *Fire and* Brimstone upon the *Printing* of it; and at my Return, I found *Whitehall* just in the same place

place where I left it. But it is a *Damn'd lye* (Conversing with this *Beast* has made me *Foul-mouth'd*) that ever I *excused my self*, by saying (as he pretends) *that I would License an* Answer *to it*. And it is *Another*, his saying that I had a hand in the *Ballad* of *Now is the Time*, p. 20. And it is yet *a Third*, that I had any sort of concern in the *Loyall Intelligence*; as he would have the World believe I had. Pa 26. But what do I talk of *This* or *That Falshood*; when the *Entire Pamphlet* is but one great *Blot* of *Forgery*, and *Gall*? In his 20. and 21. *Pages*, in proof of his Infinite *Tenderneſſe* and *Veneration* for the *Life*, and *Authority* of his Sacred *Majeſty*, he rakes up *Inſtances* of Severall *Princes* that have been *Stabb'd*, *Aſſaulted*, *Strangled*, *Depoſed*, *ſet aſide* and *Empriſon'd* by their own *Subjects*. And tho', to palliate the diſcourſe for the ſaving of his own skin, he tells you, that *it is the Subjects Duty to ſuffer Patiently*, *yet* Nature (he ſays) *in ſome Caſes*, *is very ſtrong*, and *Princes had beſt have a Care what they do*; with a hint to the people, that there may be ſuch provoking Circumſtances, that a body does not know what may come on't: As who ſhould ſay *'tis one thing what people* ſhould *do*, *and another thing what they are* able *to do*, under ſuch and ſuch *Provocations*: For *Men* are but *Men*. And there he leaves it.

Now if you would ſee what point it is he drives at, read his following Citation out of *Denhams Sophy*, and the *Firſt Scene* of the *Fourth Act*. It is a diſcourſe betwixt *Abdal*, and *Morat* (*Two* Lords of the *Princes Party*) in Confederacy againſt the King. It begins at —[*Poor Princes! How are they miſled?* &c. *Pag.* 44. and ends with *Morats* ſpeech *pa.* 46. Now ſee the *Reſult* they come to, *pa.* 47.

Morat: *Farewell unhappy Prince, while we thy Friends*
Are Strangers to Our Country and Our ſelves;
Seek out our ſafety, and expect with patience
Heavens Juſtice.

Abdal. *Let's rather* Act *it then* Expect *it*
The Princes Injuries at our hands require
More then our Tears *and* Patience!
His Army is not yet disbanded,
And only wants a Head; Thither wee'l fly
And all who Love *the* Prince *or* Hate *the* Tyrant
Will follow us.

Mor. *Nobly Reſolv'd; and either weel reſtore*
The Prince, or periſh in the brave attempt.

There's

There's a *Mystery* in his *Meaning*, and we shall leave him to expound it himself.

I have here bestow'd more pains upon him then I intended when I first took him in hand; for finding This piece of his, upon *Second Thoughts*, to be the *Venom* and *Malice* of *Severall other Libells* drawn into *One*, with *Lyes*, *Sawcyneſſe*, and *Ribaldry*, in abundance, of his *Own*, I thought it better to make *One work* of *All*, and to lay open the *Libeller*, tho' I cannot find the *Man*. Upon the *Reaſon*, and *Truth* of the whole, I ask no favour, either from the *Reader*, or the *Government*. He makes me one of *Olivers Minſtrells*: So that while *He* and I *Live*, the State ſhall never want a *Fool* and a *Fidler*. And he will have me to be a *Papiſt* two and a *Penſioner*. I wiſh he had as *much Reaſon* for the *Latter*, as he has *Little* for the *Former*. I could have prevented the *Publiſhing* of his Pamphlet; but upon my *Own account*, I did not think it worth the while; for my *Conſcience*, and (I hope) my *Character* in the World, with all Honeſt men, is proof againſt much more then This amounts to. So that I ſhall Jog on ſtill, juſt at my old rate, without any more concern at the *Barking* of a *Two-legg'd Puppy*, then if the Curr went upon *all Four*, and *Bawl'd* for *Porridge*.

I ſhall however try a point of *Law*, in time Convenient, with ſome of the *Publiſhers* and *Diſperſers* of it; and I do not doubt but at the ſame time to make it appear, that they are as bold with the *King himſelf*, as they are with his *Subjects*. And yet notwithſtanding the Contempt that I have for theſe *ſneaking* and *Inſidiary Hirelings*, the *Practice* is never the leſſe of ſo *Bloudy* and *Dangerous* a *Conſequence*, that it is Impoſſible to preſerve the *Peace* either of *Communities*, or *Private Families*, where *This Licenſe* is *permitted*: Nay, it takes away the *Taſte* and *Comfort* of *Humane Society*, by *Diſſeminating*, *Baſe Suſpicions*, *Blowing up of Animoſities*, and *Feuds*, even to the *Dividing* of the *Neareſt Relations*, & *Friends*. For all people are not fortify'd alike againſt the Force of *Evill Impreſſions*: Bnt *variouſly Tranſported*, (according to the *Diverſity* of their *Tempers*) either to *Revenge* themſelves upon their *Enemyes*, or to *miſtake* their *Friends*. So that in effect, the *beſt* of *Princes*, of *Governments*, and of *Men* ly equally at the mercy of the moſt *Profligate* of *Villains*. They make *Tyrants* of what *Princes* they pleaſe; *Model Governments* after *their Own Humour*, and ſet forth *Publique Miniſters*, and affairs of *State* in what Colours they think fit. *Theſe* are the *Arbitrators* of *War* and *Peace*, and their *Domini-*

ons

II - 1990

a reaches from the *Top* of *Mankind* to the *Bottom*. *Pimps* and *Bawds*; *Cuckolds* and *Whores*, *Pensioners* and *Papists*, are all of them, *Honours of Their Creation*.

The Common Objections that these Incendiaries make use of against *Mee*, are these; That my *Writings* Raise unnecessary *Disputes*, *Create Misunderstandings*, *Enflame Animosities*, and tend to the *Embroyling* of the *Kingdome*. Now This is all so *False*, and *Groundlesse*, that I Defy all the *Legions* of the *Faction* to produce *any one Paper* that *I* have *publish'd*, since *I* enter'd upon this *Hurry* of *Scribling*, to which *I* was not *obliged*, either by my *Duty* to the *Publique*, or by *Common Prudence* in my *Own Particular*, upon some *Occasion*, or *Provocation* of *Antecedent Libells* against the *Government*, or against *my self*. And all this Virulence against *me*, arises only from the *Malice* of my *Adversaries*, to the *Interest* which *I* have *Constantly Asserted*. For after all these *Rogues*, and *Rascalls*, they have not answer'd any one of my *Arguments*. *Doggrell* will needs have it, that *I* write out of an *Itch of Scribling*, *and not out of any Noble end to my Prince*. p.25. And the *Wizzard* gathers it from my *Translations*. What was my *End* of *Scribling* at the same rate, in the *Late Rebellion*? When *I* had no other *Reward* to *expect* but the *Satisfaction* of my *Conscience*, the *One way*, and a *Halter*, (over and above) the *Other*. If he gathers my *Itch of Scribling* from my *Translations*, 'tis an *Itch I* perceive that he is in no Danger of: There's *Tully* and *Seneca*; a *Couple* of *Pagans* that will stand Fairer before the *Great Tribunal* then a *Million* of *Calumniating*, and *truly Diabolicall Christians*. There's *Bona's Guide* to Eternity, (a *Manual*, of *Pious*, and *Excellent Morality*) why should *That* trouble him either? For his *Conscience* is layd *fast* enough, for flying in his *Face*; and *Sleeps* as comfortably in the *High way* to *Hell*, as if it were no more then *Truckling* into his *Own Kennell*. As for *Erasmus's Colloquies*, and *Quevedo's Visions*, They are not *Tart* enough perhaps for *His Palate*, for 'tis not the *Strength*, or *Moral* of a *Satyr* that pleases *Him*, but the *Spite*, and *Venom* of it. and in Truth I have heard (if I do not miss my Mark) that he is much Happier too in his *Libells* that Pass only in *Manuscript*; then in his *Printed ones*: For being infinitely Familiar with the *Seven Deadly Sins*, hee'l put you a *Set* of the *Honestest Lords* and *Ladies* that you can lay your hand on, into so lewd a Dresse, that they shall all look like *Rogues*, and *Jades* in a Trice; and without running the *Risque* too of a *Reply*. 'Tis a notable *Lad* (they say) at a *Lampoon*.

The

The Reader has hitherto had only my Own Word for the Grounds of So many Pamphlets as I have lately expoſed to the ublick; I ſhall now come nearer the matter, and deliver a juſt Report of the *Inducements* that *led* me to it.

Finding not only the *Entire Frame* of the *Engliſh Government* torn to *Pieces*, by the Audacious Inſolence of *Licentious Libells*, but the *Dignity* of *Government it ſelf* expoſed to *Popular Contempt*, and made *Cheap* in the Eyes of the *Multitude*: finding theſe *Outrages*, (*I ſay*) in a manner *Authorized*, , by paſſing *Unpuniſht*; and the *Cauſe it ſelf* half yielded up for want of *Advocates*, and *Arguments* to *Defend* it; I thruſt my Self into the Controverſie; not (as I hope to be Sav'd) out of *Paſſion*, and *Bitterneſs* againſt any ſort of eople whatſoever: but out of an Impulſe of *Conſcience*, and a Senſe of *Duty*. This Officious Zeale of mine has made me as many Enemies as there are Ill-willers to the Government; and to deal Freely, I cannot but take it for an *Honour* to be Reviled by *Thoſe Lips* that Speak Evill of my *Maſter*. But So it is however, that whether I made good my *Poſt*, or *not*, it was a thing of abſolute neceſſity that Something ſhould be done, toward the putting of a Check to So Impetuous a Courſe of *Calumny*, and *Sedition*. And *This Neceſſity* will better appear, upon a due Conſideration of the *Bold Diſcourſes*, and *Poſitions* that were dayly vented from the *Preſſe*, to the *Weakening*, and *Wounding* of the *Government*, in the *Head*, and in every *Part* of it.

As to the *KING himſelf*, the Late Caſe of *Sebaſtian* King of *Portugal* is offer'd to the *Engliſh* as a *Preſident*.

The Doctrine of *Co-ordination*, and the Kings being *Singulis Major*, *Univerſis Minor*, is Common.

It is poſitively affirmed, that in many Caſes a King may be *Depoſed*.

Alſo, that in ſome Caſes the *Subject* may take up *Arms* againſt both his *Perſon* and *Authority*.

That he Derives his *Power*, and *Authority* from the Conſent of the *People*.

That God himſelf approves of the *Removal* of *Evill Kings*.

UMI - 1990

That the *Two Houses* may Levy *Men, Mony* and *Arms*; *Without*, or *Against* the *Kings Consent*.

They have already Erected a *Vote* of the House of *Commons* into the Equivalence of a *Law*.

His Majesty is Charg'd with Raising a Mercenary *Popish Army* to have joyn'd with the *French*, Besides Oblique Reflections Innumerable.

Now for the *PARLIAMENT*; the Late Long Parliament is called a *Treacherous* and a *Lewd Parliament*. And 197. of the *Members* of *That Parliament* standalously exposed', by *Names*, in a *Libell*.

As to the *CLERGY*, beside the Dayly Reflections upon the *Bishops*, and *Episcopacy it self*; they, are expresly call'd *the Sons of Belial*; Whom (says the *Libeller*) if the whole World were now to make their *Wills*, all but *Fools* and *Knaves* would leave them a *Curse* for a *Legacy*.

The People are call'd upon to Destroy *Episcopacy*, *Root* and *Branch*.

The *Courts* of *JUSTICE*, scape no better; for not only their *Proceedings*, but the *Persons* of Several of his *Majestyes Judges* are *Libelled* by *Name*.

The *Furyes* are exposed in Several *Libells* also. And in one Libell, in *These Words*.

> ——*Wakeman's*, or a *Gascoyne-Fury*,
> Pickt, *Brib'd*, *Instructed* how to murther *Truth*,
> From, *&c.*

The *Justices of the Peace* are Served with the *same* Sawce too. For upon Sir *W. Wallers* being put out, it was presently hinted to the World in a Libell, as if the rest of the *Middlesex Bench* were all *Papists*. And so much for *Publique*; But the *Personal Libells* are not to be Number'd.

I have

I have Publiſhed *Theſe Inſtances* in *Hope*, and *Expectation* of receiving a Command to make them *out*, and to *Trace* them: For I have the *Libells* in my *Poſſeſſion*. If this Liberty holds, every man that honeſtly ſerves his *Prince*, and his *Country* becomes a *Sacrifice* to the *Multitude*, and the *Rabble* gives Laws to the *Government*, It is no wonder now after theſe bold attaques upon the *Conſtitution* of the *Government*, if they let fly their *Malice* at it, in Piece-meal too. And if ſome *Pamphlet-Pedler*, or *Hedg-Printer* happen to be taken in the Manner he has his Plea at his Fingers End. *He has ſerv'd out his Time, and is not to be put by the Exerciſe of his Trade.* Has not a *Cutler*, or a *Gunſmith* the ſame Plea too, for the very *Piſtol*, or *Dagger* which he knows before-hand is Deſigned for the *Murther* of the King?

In fine; whether it be *Impudence*, or *Openneſſe of Nature*, I know not; But (upon my ſoul) if my whole Life were ript up, and all my Actions expoſed (other Perſons excepted out of the Hiſtory) I would make no more ſcruple of owning the *Truth*, then of acknowledging my ſelf to be *Fleſh* and *Blood*: For I do not ſet up for a *Saint*, but for a *Loyall Subject*, a *True Friend*, and (as the world goes) *a very Honeſt Fellow*.

The End.

MI - 1990